



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

FOC

CREEPY
24
DECEMBER

40c

**A Slithering Selection
Of Terror Tales
Guaranteed To
Give You The Creeps!**





SOME OF YOU FRIENDLY FIENDS TIRED OF YOUR PRESENT HUMDRUM EXISTENCE, LIKE A LITTLE CHANGE? THEN LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME ANCIENT FEAR FORMULAS FOR BECOMING A WEREWOLF IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

IT WAS WIDELY BELIEVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF MADE GIFTS OF BELTS OR SHIRTS OF WOLVES TO SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. WHEN WORN, THE OWNER WOULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO A WOLF WITH ALL ITS AWESOME POWER AND LUSTS!

ANCIENT ROMANS BELIEVED A WEREWOLF WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD TURN HIS SKIN INSIDE OUT IN HUMAN FORM. THE SUSPECTED WEREWOLF'S FUR WOULD BE GROWING INWARD. FINAL PROOF AT MANY TRIALS, CONSEQUENTLY INVOLVED PARTIAL SKINNING OF THE ACCUSED!



UNWARY INNOCENTS COULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO WEREWOLVES BY DRINKING WATER FROM THE FOOTPRINT OF A WEREWOLF, OR BY TASTING THE WATER OF A STREAM FROM WHICH A WEREWOLF HAD ALSO DRUNK... SOMETIMES TURNING HUNTERS INTO THE VERY PREY THEY STALKED!





CREEPY

NO. 24

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** GUTENBERG MONTEIRO

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Tom Setton Reed Crandall Tony Williams Steve Ditko Jerry Granetti

Dan Atkins **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** George Hagenauer Archie Goodwin



Page 6



Page 18



Page 20



Page 22

CONTENTS

BLACK MAGIC

A bit of weird wizardry conjured up by Uncle Creepy

5

YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME

Charming Cindy Pierce brings back a sinister souvenir from forbidden Tahiti.

13

THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY

A gruesome look into the frightful future

20

ROOM FOR A GUEST

Spend a good night's fright in this doom room reserved especially for you.

28

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Rollie through this fan frolic of frazzling folk gore and paralyzing pease wocs.

37

TYPE CAST

Method actor Roland Bryce brings too much realism to horror roles

38

A SILVER DREAD AMONG THE GOLD

A chilling legend turns into an icy treasure of frozen terror.

45



Page 30



Page 33



Page 42



Page 46

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Congratulations! Your bewitching mag has taken a staggering step back in the right direction. Cover on CREEPY #22 was great, please keep Tom Sutton as a regular on the cover and interior art. Only two complaints, stop reprinting and hold onto your good artists. My favorites this issue were "No Fair", "Strange Expedition" and "Perfect Match". Keep up the good work UNC STEVE CURTIS Kiskadee, Mo.

Thank for the courteous compliments Curtis . . . but just cause you got dizzy drinking all my dread drink . . . what makes you think I got drunk on the gunk!

I've been a faithful fellow since CREEPY #8 and #22 was the greatest yet! "No Fair" was top, the height of excellence. I.e. horror. "The Judge's House", "Perfect Match" and "Home is Where" in that order were also very good. Finally, "Monster Rally" and "Strange Expedition" were last, but far. Let's have more stuff like that and more cover stuff by Sutton. The cover on #22 was simply . . . CREEPY!

STEVE CHAMBER
Grayton Plains, Mich.

Well from one chilling chamber to another . . . glad you enjoyed chomping on a chunk of my choice cornmeal!

CREEPY #22 was a rare oddity that filled my black little heart with horror! The cover was truly a masterpiece of bloody terror and the stories, just ghoulish I want to compliment you on your

stories "The Judge's House" and "No Fair". Hape you keep putting more ghouls and vampires in future issues
BILL MCONEY
Camden, Mo.

About the future from friend . . . it looks like our grubby gang of ghoulish gnomes has covered the triangle market on monster much. But don't feel yet . . . next time you drop into our galleys, my betty bite buddies have promised to show you a swinging time . . . hee!

CREEPY #22 was just great! "Monster Rally" has to be the best story this month, with "Home is Where" and "The Judge's House" tying for a second. Please keep Reed Crandall under your cloak, he's tremendous! The first is the science fiction in your magazine. Frankly, I don't think it belongs there. Science fiction belongs in science fiction mags where in CREEPY, only ghosts, werewolves, vampires and monsters should be featured. My second complaint is more of a question. When are you gonna get to put more color in your stories, then you have every excuse in the world to call yourselves the greatest magazine in the universe!

STEVE PRUITT
Lexington, Kentucky

Why we'd never do that Steve . . . after your celestial seeking we'd be a bit nervous filling any SPACE with that searing statement! About your second shout though . . . if it's color you crave . . . cave in now, maybe I can get one of the feature creatures in here to perk up our parched pages. Any objections to bright red?

Issue #22 was the best, if for one story, which isn't saying much considering the daunting quality of your mag. That story was "No Fair". Sutton's artwork has improved remarkably and of the originals this time. He was the best. The story itself was inspired and neatly done and the ending would have been a complete surprise had it not been given away on the cover. You showed a certain amount of courage in giving the children ages of evil in carnage as this is not very popular with the gentle minded. The rest of the stories were negligible. "Home is Where" was insane but the art was good. "Monster Rally" was good. "Strange Expedition" another stupid werewolf. "The Judge's House", another blasted reprint and "Perfect Match", the worst, with liky artwork and a boonsh plot. It's got

ting embarrassing having everyone turn out to be a vampire or a werewolf! The cover was good, the best since CREEPY #17. Why don't you print my letter?

LARRY KING
Shawnee, Mo.

How can I say no to a king . . . old thing . . . so okay, now you're really in a spot . . . of ink that is! And what're YOU getting embarrassed about . . . it's the monsters that keep charging their wardrobe.

I'd say you guys have really come with a masterpiece in CREEPY #22! Terrific! Out of all the marvelous stories, I enjoyed "No Fair" the best. Sutton and Parente really did a job of that one. I liked the other stories too, a good reason being that they were new, not reprints. I hope in future issues you keep dreaming up tales like those in CREEPY #22.

STEPHEN MASUTANI
Hilo, Hawaii

A halo is on the way to Hilo, Steve . . . for all that heavenly praise you sent! I can't promise any dream schemes though with a couple of nightmares like Parente and Sutton around. You should've seen the remains of the rotund reaper THEY rummaged up . . . yichhhh!

Overall, CREEPY #22 was a pretty good book. In my opinion, a couple of stories gave it the best stuff since #16. By far the best story was the cover story, "No Fair". Tom Sutton did a good job on the front and the story artwork was really great! Congrats to Parente on this one it was a great piece of work, a real masterpiece. "The Judge's House" was also very good although "Home is Where" I expected somewhat of a better ending. "Strange Expedition" and "Perfect Match" were good also and so too was "Monster Rally" except for what it produced (UGH). Boy am I disillusioned Unc, I always thought you were strictly from hunger!

JOHN NORWOOD
Miami, Florida

You're just lucky your spunky Unky wasn't slammes please . . . what a sat in insanity that would've been . . . lrrrrrr . . .

I have just purchased ghastly issue #22 and have relished every moment of it. Keep at least six or seven stories each issue and maybe a CREEPY classic sometime. The best story this issue was "Monster Rally" and "Home

is Where" ran a close second. By the way, what was in that last one? "No Fair" and "Strange Expedition" had me howling for more, yummy both of them. The CREEPY Fan Club was a tasty treat to add the perfect meal of horror.

FELIPE MENDOZA
Albany, New York

You just keep stuffing your sanity with all delicious dare fare Falpa . . . and may be I'll do you a favor and tell you what's in that room behind our doom door.

I just read CREEPY #22 and it was a real blast! "Home is Where" was very good, especially the art work by Pat Boyette. "Monster Rally" had a good plot also, but the biggest surprise and best story, well it has to be "No Fair" and the cover picture that went with it was out of sight! However, "Strange Expedition" and "Perfect Match" were also to be desired. However I'd forgive you because the other three were so fantastic. Keep up with original stuff!

BOY WHITSON
Elmington, Kentucky

To all who desire Roy boy . . . and his . . . a thing with a thirst will be visiting you tonight . . . after sundown! But don't worry wait . . . just keep a stiff upper vein and you won't mind the pain . . . In the neck that is!

You have with CREEPY #22, reached your former excellence in both art and script. As seen on the beautiful cover this issue, Tom Sutton should become your permanent cover artist. Now as I renege my orbs from the outside world to the inside what to see but four, new stories! Too bed "Loathsome Gore" wasn't in the issue. Definitely the best story was "No Fair", again illustrated by the new master, Tom Sutton. Second best, "Home is Where" which was pencilled by another good artist, Pat Boyette. His use of wax made his art really exciting. A promising artist is newcomer Ernie Colon. His work in "Strange Expedition" was better than average!

ROGER GORDERING
Bradley, Illinois

And KEEP those orbs out for more of my mark work! Rog . . . ok! Unc has plenty of junk to jerk your sockets right out of their pockets.

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to CREEPY LETTERS, 22 E. 42nd St. N.Y.C. 10017

EUROPE, DURING THE DARK AGES. IN THE DESCENDING TWILIGHT, AN AGED TRAVELER PAUSES IN HIS JOURNEY.

I SEEK THE WIZARD VALGAR... IS IT HERE HE WORKS HIS ARTS?

OUR RULER'S COURT MAGICIAN... SEEK HIM NOT, ANCIENT ONE! FEW ARE SO POWERFUL NONE MORE EVIL!



NO SENSE IN WAITING AROUND, FELLOW FIENDS... THERE'S SOME **NEFARIOUS NECROMANCY** UNDERWAY IN THE CASTLE AHEAD, AND YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON HAND FOR SOME **SINISTER SORCERY** AS VALGAR STRETCHES TO THE LIMIT HIS POWERS OF...

BLACK MAGIC



BEHOLD! THE POWERS OF THE UNKNOWN! UNLEASHED... UNCONTROLLABLE.







M-MASTER, PERHAPS
WE SHOULDN'T...
WE'VE NO RIGHT TO
DISTURB THE SLEEP
OF THE DEAD!

RIGHT IS WHAT MY MAGIC
MAKES IT, DOLT! AND THE
DEAD BUT OBJECTS FOR
OUR USE!

TOO LONG HAVE I STAYED
MY SKILLS... PERFORMING
LIKE A JESTER FOR THE
FOOLS OF THE COURT!
TONIGHT, SIMON, I ENACT
THE SUPREME SORCERY...
**THE RAISING OF
THE DEAD!**

IS THIS THE USE TO
WHICH YOU PUT THE
SKILLS I TAUGHT YOU,
VALDAR? **SHAME!**



YOU! AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS...

YOU WERE TOO TALENTED
AN APPRENTICE TO SO ABUSE
OUR ART! I DID NOT RAISE
YOU... EDUCATE YOU... FOR
EVIL SUCH AS THIS!



YOU TAUGHT ME
WELL, OLD ONE,
I'VE SINCE BECOME
YOUR EQUAL...
AND TONIGHT, I'LL
PROVE YOUR BETTER!

HEED ME, VALDAR!
ABANDON THIS
COURSE ON WHICH
YOUR AMBITION
LEADS.. YOU
CANNOT KNOW
THE CONSEQUENCES!

THINK I'M STILL
YOUR CRINGING
APPRENTICE?
I'M EQUAL TO
ANY TASK OF
NECROMANCY,
OLD MAN!
**FEEL MY
POWER!**



YOU HAVE GREAT SKILL, WALDAR!
IF ONLY YOU HAD GREAT REASON!



LET THE DEAD REST!
RETURN TO THE PATH
MY TEACHINGS LED
YOU!



I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK,
WALDAR! THE REAWAKENED
DEAD ARE NOT TO BE
CONTROLLED... THEIR EVIL
NOT TO BE OVERCOME!
NEED ME!

ENOUGH,
ANCIENT
SABBLER!



EVEN AS YOU
WARD OFF MY
SPELLS, SO DO
I TURN AWAY
YOURS! WE'VE
PLAYED ENOUGH
GAMES... I
HAVE BUSINESS
IN THE CRYPTS!



I RAISED YOU LIKE A SON,
WALDAR! DOES YOUR MAD
SCHEME MAKE YOU DEAF?
**COME BACK! DON'T
DO IT!**



M-MASTER...
PERHAPS THE
OLD MAN IS
RIGHT!

HE IS RIGHT TO FEAR MY
POWER! BUT HIS WORDS
WILL NOT STOP MY
PROVING IT!



THE OLD MAN'S SHOUTS AND WARNINGS ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND AS VALDAR'S TORCH GUIDES THEM DEEP INTO THE TOMB'S MUSTY DARKNESS...

THIS IS THE ONE! THE LADY ROWENA... HER BEAUTY IS LEGEND!

B-BUT... SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEAR A HUNDRED YEARS!

LABORIOUSLY, THE LONG-DECAYED BURDEN IS TRANSPORTED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE...

THICK OK!
IT MATTERS NOT!
I CAN RECLAIM
ANY REMAINS...
TODAY, ONE GIRL...
TOMORROW, A DOZEN
MEN... A LEGION
AN ARMY!

UP WINDING STONE STAIRS, THROUGH SILENT ARCHED CORRIDORS, TO THE SINISTER GLOOM OF THE SORCERER'S CHAMBERS

MINSTRELS SANG OF THE FAIR FLESH THAT ROUNDED THESE BONES... NOW I'LL CALL IT UP FOR OUR CENTURY TO BEHOLD!

THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE CANDLES, A STIRRING

SAY NOT THE WORDS, VALDAR! HAVE MY TEACHINGS EVER BEEN FALSE?

IT'S WELL YOU STAYED OLD FOOL, FOR NOW I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIMITS OF YOUR TEACHING HOWEVER TRUE

ONCE STARTED IT CANNOT BE STOPPED! DON'T DO I---

REGIS MALLEUM
... SNIBBIEOTH
NOSTARE VEX...



...LARTH COMGUTH...
TANNEUS KRISUM...



...ARISE!
WHAT SAY YOU NOW, ANCIENT
ONE? WILL YOU SIT AT MY
FEET AND LEARN FROM
YOUR PUPIL?



EEEE-YAAAAA!!!
WHAT'S THIS?
CEASE! OBEY
ME!



MASTER!
SHE'S
KILLING
ME!
MASTER!
YOU'VE RECALLED THE FLESH, BUT DID
YOU THINK THE LONG-DEAD BRAIN
WOULD RETAIN ITS KNOWLEDGE
AND SANITY? THERE ARE NO
SPELLS FOR DECAYED MINDS!



THE CREATURE HAS
THE STRENGTH OF
MADNESS!
RELEASE HIM,
WITCH!
WILL YOU DEVOTE THE YEARS
TO RETRAINING THIS MINDLESS
BEAUTY YOU HAVE SUMMONED?
COULD YOU CONTROL AN ARMY
SUCH AS THIS AS YOU
VISUALIZED?



DO YOU THINK ME
A FOOL WITHOUT
CONTROL, OLD
MAN? WHAT
MAGIC HAS
CREATED, IT
CAN DESTROY!

MUGHRK
SUENNAT...
NYUSMOC
HYRAL...





DRAW YOUR DOOM-DOOM DRUMS INSIDE
 DOWNHILLS...I'M BUBBLING SOME BLACK
 ART BREW FOR ALL YOUR STARVING
 SOULS...HANG YOUR HEADS ON
 THAT HAGGLE HOOK WHY DON'T YOU AND
 LET'S BEGIN THIS MALEFICANT MASTER-
 PIECE OF MAGIC ENTITLED...

IN THE BEGINNING I IGNORED CYN'DY'S
 FOOLISH RITUALS...ENAMING HER STRANGE
 BEHAVIOR ON THE ACCIDENT, BUT SLOWLY SHE
 SLIPPED FURTHER INTO A WANE-BELIEVE
 WORLD OF SECRET CHANTS...CURIOUS
 CHARMING SHE HID ABOUT THE PLACE...AND
 AN INANE INTEREST IN...

"YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME"



Tom Sutton '83





LATER... CARTER FORCED HIMSELF INTO THE WILLOWED SILENCE OF SLEEP, CHOKING HIS SUSPENDED SUBCONSCIOUS...



...AND A WILD FLOOD OF MEMORIES THAT HAD SPLAINED OVER HIS DROWNING MIND. TWENTY...THREE YEARS AGO...





YOU'RE BOTH VERY LUCKY MR. PERCE... IT'S A MIRACLE EITHER OF YOU GOT OUT ALIVE. I MUST TELL YOU...

WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE DOCTOR... WILL SHE...



I'M AFRAID SHE'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN MR. PERCE... WE TRIED EVERYTHING...

OH MY GOD... WHAT HAVE I DONE! IT'S ALL MY FAULT...



SHE SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS... **BLACK MAGIC**... WORTHLESS ENOUGH... JUST BE CAREFUL IT DOESN'T GO TOO FAR...



...TOO FAR... TOO... HAHAHA... I... WAS DREAMING... NOW I REMEMBER... SOMETHING ABOUT AN AMULET!



MY IMAGINATION IS GETTING THE BEST OF ME... WITCH CRAFT... BLACK MAGIC... WHAT NONSENSE!



BY MORNING... THE SHALLOW FEAR OF HIS NIGHTMARE HAD DISSOLVED SOMEWHERE IN THE PAGES OF CARTER'S MIND...

I FEEL LIKE OWEN OUT TONIGHT... WE CAN SEE THAT SHOW YOU MISSED YESTERDAY.

WONDERFUL! MAYBE I'LL GET MYSELF A NEW DRESS... SEE YOU TONIGHT DARLINGS!



PHEW... THAT'S A TIGHTEN LUCK FOR YOU... CRAFTY CYNDY WASTING ALL THAT SLIME TRYING TO KEEP APPEARANCES UP. GUESS GUESTY CARTER JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE BACKBONE FOR IT... OH SO... THAT'S THE WAY THE CADAVER CRUMBLES... SUFFRAGE...



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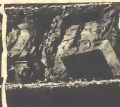
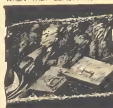
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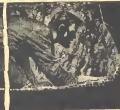
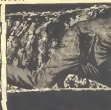
PROLOGUE: IT BEGINS FAR UNDERGROUND LIKE THE BURROW OF SOME LARGE FORGOTTEN ANIMAL AND TUNNELS UPWARD... BUT IN ITS OWN WAY, THIS CARVED CHANNEL OF DAMP MUDDY EARTH IS A MUSEUM...



SCATTERED AND STREWN IN THE MOIST, CLINGING EARTH OF THE TUNNEL'S FLOOR ARE RELICS... OBJECTS OF THE PAST NO LONGER USEFUL EXCEPT AS CURIOSITIES, ABANDONED WHEN THEY CEASED TO FUNCTION...



SOUVENIRS OF ANOTHER AGE, ARTIFACTS OF ANOTHER TIME... RELICS IN A TUNNEL MUSEUM... RADIOS, TIN CANS, NEWSPAPERS, LANTERNS, TOOLS, CONTAINERS, CANDLES, AND ONE THING MORE... **A MAN!**



WANT TO GET THE SCOOP ON WHAT'S GOING ON, KIDDIES? WE'LL CAST YOUR GHASTLY GAZE INTO MY CRYSTAL BALL AND WE'LL TAKE A LOATHSOME LOOK INTO THE FEARFUL FUTURE... HOW FAR IN THE FUTURE? WELL, NOT TOMORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY... LET'S JUST SAY IT'S...



The Day After Doomsday!



RICHARD CALDWELL HAD SURVIVED. HE HAD NO CONCEPT OF HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN UNDER GROUND. PERHAPS DAYS, PERHAPS MONTHS, PERHAPS YEARS... THINGS HAD STARTED TO GO WRONG IN THE SHELTER, GENERATORS HAD FAILED, EQUIPMENT HAD BROKEN DOWN... TIME HAD SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP, NOTHING WENT AS PLANNED. HE HAD BEGUN TO DIS, AND ENDED BY CLAWING... BUT HE HAD SURVIVED!



T-THIS
CAN'T BE
ALL!!

THERE
HAS TO BE
SOMETHING
ELSE...

HIS STUNNED EYES BUNKED AND
STARED UNBELIEVINGLY ACROSS
THE RUBBLE-STREWN
BLEAKNESS...

MORE THAN
THIS...

LIKE SOME PITIFUL
FIGURE IN A NIGHT-
MARE, RICHARD
CALDWELL BEGAN
TO WALK THROUGH
THE SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS REACH
OF UTTER RUIN...

HE COULD NOT STOP
TO REST... SCATTERED
STONE AND MORTAR
BEGAN TO GIVE AWAY
TO BARKEN, BURNED
EARTH... TWISTED
GHOSTS OF TREES
CROUCHED AGAINST
THE WASELAND...

NOT MUCH, BUT
STUFF'S BEGINNING
TO GROW UP HERE...
LIVE!

I SURVIVED...
IF I COULD DO
IT THERE MUST
BE...

O-OTHERS!

I FOUGHT...KILLED TO
HANG ON TO THAT
SHELTER...SACRIFICED
EVERYTHING TO STAY
ALIVE...FOR **THIS?**

BEYOND THE CITY...IT
WON'T BE SO BAD OUT
THERE...BOUND TO BE
BETTER...

GRIPPED BY HORROR, CALDWELL STUMBLED FORWARD...ALMOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, HIS HANDS REACHED OUT, AS THOUGH POWERED BY THE VERY REVULSION HE FELT, TO THE WHITE OBJECT THAT HAD BEEN A FELLOW MAN...

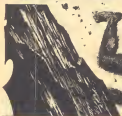
FOR SOME TIME, HE PEERED AT THE THING IN HIS HANDS, FEELING IT GROW MORE REPULSIVE AS HE SPECULATED HOW IT AND ITS MATE'S MIGHT HAVE COME TO BE THERE... A CHILL PASSED THROUGH HIM AS HE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A SHADOW THAT HAD FALLEN OVER HIM...



OH, LORD...
I-IT'S... **FRESH!**



WHAT TH...



HIS MOIST FINGERS FUMBLER AGAINST THE COLD STEEL AT HIS SIDE, THE WEAPON HAD NOT BEEN USED SINCE HIS EARLY DAYS IN THE SHELTER...EVEN AS CALDWELL SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, HE COULD NOT BE SURE IT WOULD WORK...



KA-BLAMI!



YAHHHHHH!



HIDEOUS FLESH, INHUMAN TO THE TOUCH, CLUTCHED AND GRABBED AT CALDWELL'S OWN, AS NIGHTMARE FEATURES PRESSED CLOSE, FORCING HIM BACK, STIFLING HIM, ABOUT TO DESTROY HIM...

CHEST HEAVING, BODY TREMBLING, CALDWELL ROSE ON SHAKY LEGS TO STARE DOWN IN DISBELIEF AT THE THING HE HAD JUST KILLED...

IT ALMOST GOT ME... JUST LIKE THESE OTHER POOR DEVILS IN THE GULLEY! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ONE MORE SET OF BONES...

A SHUDDER PASSED THROUGH RICHARD CALDWELL, AND THE FULL IMPLICATION OF THE ATTACK SETTLED ON HIM LIKE AN ICY CHILL...

WHAT KIND OF WORLD HAVE I SAVED MYSELF FOR...? WHERE MONSTERS LIKE THAT PREY ON M-MEN AND...



FAINT, BUT CLEAR, THE SOUND STRUCK THROUGH THE SILENT WORLD AT CALDWELL, SENDING HIM PLUNGING TOWARD THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH IT CAME...

THE CRIES GREW LOUDER AS CALDWELL PUSHED NEARER, HINTS OF BOTH HOPE AND HORROR GROWING WITHIN HIM...

A WOMAN'S VOICE! I SWEAR IT'S A WOMAN!

I WON'T BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE THIS TIME... ANYONE DOES THE ATTACKING, IT'S GOING TO BE ME!



RAGE AND FURY SWELLED BEYOND FEAR
INSIDE CALDWELL AND BURST FORTH,
GALVANIZING HIM INTO ACTION...

NO, YOU #@%&!!
NOOOOOO!!

BLAM!
KA-BLAM!

IMAGES OF THE BONES HE HAD FOUND
IN THE GULLY POUNDED IN CALDWELL'S
MIND AS HE RACED FORWARD THIS WAS
MORE THAN JUST SAVING THE GIRL, IT
WAS SURVIVAL...MANKING OR THESE
MONSTROUS FLESH-EATER!

THE CREATURES WHIRLED IN PAIN AND SURPRISE
AS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, CALDWELL FIRED, DEAF
TO THEIR TERRIBLE SHRIEKS OF AGONY...

KA-BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THE HAMMER ECHOED ON
THE EMPTY CHAMBER AND
HE WADED IN SWINGING
THE USELESS WEAPON
LIKE A CLUB...DRIVEN BY A
TERRIBLE FURY TO DESTROY
THESE THINGS THAT HUNTED
MEN DOWN LIKE SMALL
GAME....

...UNTIL, AT LAST, IT WAS
OVER!

W-WHO
ARE YOU...?

EXHAUSTED IN A HOARSE VOICE GASPING FOR BREATH, HE EXPLAINED, AS SOFT FRIGHTENED EYES STUDIED HIM...

...B-BUT...THESE THINGS...WHERE DID THEY...COME FROM...

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM?

THEY'RE **MUTANTS**! RADIATION MADE THEM DIFFERENT THAN HUMANS... THEY'RE TRYING TO WIPE US OUT! BECAUSE OF THE FOOD PROBLEM...

EARLIER I SAW SOME BONES... FRESH...



THEY WERE FROM MY TRIBE... WE WERE SENT OUT TO SCOUT FOR FOOD. THE SITUATION'S DEGRADATE, BUT WE DIDN'T FIND ANY...

THEN THE MUTANT'S ATTACKED EH? DON'T THINK ABOUT IT... JUST BE GLAD IT'S ALL OVER!

RICHARD CALDWELL MARVELED AT THE WAY THE GIRL HAD HELD UP TILL NOW, BUT HE HAD TO REMIND HIMSELF IT WAS A NEW WORLD, A HARDER ONE THAN HE HAD LEFT WHEN HE SEALED HIMSELF IN THE SHELTER.

HE FOLLOWED HER UNTIL NIGHTFALL... HE CAUGHT THE SMELL OF FIRE AND THE SOUND OF VOICES... HUMAN VOICES...

THERE! THE HOME OF MY TRIBE... THEY'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

AMID ALL THE HORROR AND DESOLATION I'VE SEEN TODAY, IT'S A WONDERFUL SIGHT...

SO IT'S TRIBES NOW... BANDING TOGETHER... I GUESS, IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE NOW.

OTHERWISE, IT'S DOGS EAT DOGS, MR. CALDWELL. NOW, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE MORE MUTANTS ARRIVE... THIS IS THEIR TERRITORY!



AS HE APPROACHED, CALDWELL WAS GREETED BY SAWING, EAGER FACES. HE SMILED TO HIMSELF... JUST AS HE'D SURVIVED THE WARS OF THE LAST WORLD, HE'D SURVIVED THE MUTANTS AND DANGERS OF THIS NEW ONE...



THEN, A SUDDEN DOUBT OVER-TOOK HIM...

BUT... IF THERE'S A FOOD PROBLEM, WON'T I BE JUST ONE MORE BURDEN FOR YOUR TRIBE?

NOT AT ALL, MR. CALDWELL...



...JUST THE OPPOSITE!

WOK!



STUNNED AND BLEEDING, CALDWELL FOUND HIMSELF UNABLE TO RISE. HAZILY, HE COULD HEAR HER FLAT, ALMOST SNEERING WORDS...

USUALLY WE HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A MUTANT OR ONE OF OUR OWN AS A LAST MEASURE... LIKE THOSE FOOLS ON PATROL WITH ME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY LEFT, MR. CALDWELL!

OF COURSE THE MUTANTS KEEP TRYING TO STOP US. CHANGE US, BUT THERE AREN'T MANY OF THEM.



...AND THEY'RE STRICT VEGETARIANS!



WE MAY BE LEAVING RICHARD CALDWELL IN THE DARK. BUT LET'S RUSH ON TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON MY NEXT LITTLE HORROR HAPPENING!



THE LEERING FACES LOOMED CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL DARKNESS COVERED RICHARD CALDWELL, A HIDEOUS DARKNESS THAT NOW HUNG HEAVILY ABOVE ALL SURVIVORS OF THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY!



CARE TO TICKLE YOUR TERROR TASTEBUDS AND SAMPLE SOME SPINE STAGGERING WHINES...SCREAM TEAM? WHILE I POUR THE LORE GORE...YOU TAKE CARE THIS NEXT DREADFUL HEAD FULL OF FRIGHTERY DOESN'T DRAIN YOUR BRAIN WHILE I MAKE...

ROOM for a GUEST

I HAD NOT BEEN IN CHAPELLE LA BOURG FOR MUCH LONGER THAN TWO DAYS, WHEN QUITE WITHOUT WARNING I RECEIVED A RATHER URGENT AND UNUSUAL MESSAGE EXPLORING ME TO HASTEN TO...

CHATEAU BOUSSAC...THERE SHE IS MONSIEUR! THE HOME OF THE MARQUIS...BUT WE MUST HURRY...

AS BOTH THE VILLAGE AND THE MARQUIS BOUSSAC WERE UNKNOWN TO ME UNTIL MY RECENT VISIT...MY CURIOSITY WAS MATCHED ONLY BY MY IMPATIENCE TO LEARN OF WHAT SERVICE I MIGHT BE TO MY MYSTERIOUS HOST

FOR IN TRAVELING ABOUT THE CONTINENT IN MY AMBITIOUS SEARCH FOR LOST AND LEGENDARY NECROMANCY...WHICH I HAD BEEN COMPILED FOR A BOOK...I HAD GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE WRINKLE OF UNUSUAL SITUATIONS.

AMEN...MONSIEUR JULIAN THATCHER...HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME...I AM THE MARQUIS BOUSSAC.



R. CRANDALL

ART BY REED CRANDALL / STORY BY BILL PARENTE

NOT ONLY DID THE REMARKABLE APPEARANCE OF THE GENTLEMAN UPSET MY OTHERWISE STIFF COMPOSURE... BUT AT THE MENTION OF MY NAME, I CAN RECALL THAT MY RACE FULLY REVEALED MY SURPRISE AS I HASTENED TO EXPLAIN...

I WAS RETURNING FROM DES TIERCE WHEN WORD OF YOUR INVITATION MET ME ON THE WAY... ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS I IMAGINE...

YES... I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE MY AWARD BEHAVIOR, I HAVE ALWAYS MADE IT A HABIT TO BE... DISCRETE.



AND... DID YOU FIND ANYTHING THERE MR. THATCHER... PERHAPS A TALE OR TWO ABOUT THE Fabled SORCRESS, GENIEVE?

SO YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THAT LEGEND MARQUIS BOUSSAC... I SEE WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON.



THESE BOOKS HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH GENERATIONS BY MY ANCESTORS... HERE YOU SEE CENTURIES OF NECROMANCY PRESERVED, ONLY ONE BOOK REMAINS TO COMPLETE THIS COLLECTION...

...THE BLACK MISSAL !!!



THE CHATEAU, WHILE CERTAINLY ELEGANT... SEEMED ODDLY UNREAL, AND THOUGH I GUARDED WELL MY DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO CONTAIN MY EMOTIONS... I HARDLY KNEW NEXT WHAT TO EXPECT.

SOME WINE MON... I MEAN MR THATCHER? THEY SAY IT'S THE FINEST IN THE WORLD DES TIERCE YOU SAY...

YES... I THOUGHT PERHAPS I MIGHT GAIN SOME INFORMATION... FOR MY BOOK ABOUT THE BLACK ARTS...



IT WAS LATER I LEARNED... BEYOND BELIEF THE ENORMITY OF THE MARQUE'S PROFUSE COLLECTION... AND FOR THAT MOMENT I COULD ONLY STARE IN BEWILDERED ANTICIPATION. NEVER HAD I SEEN SUCH A LIBRARY...

INDEED WE DO MR THATCHER... THIS LIBRARY IS PERHAPS THE MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION OF RARE NECROMANTIC LITERATURE IN EXISTENCE PLEASE.

EXTRAORDINARY !!! WHY THESE SHELVES MUST CONTAIN EVERY PAGE OF BLACK WRITING EVER PRINTED... HOW DID YOU MANAGE...



YOU KNOW THEN... YES... THE BIBLE OF THE DAMNED, WRITTEN BY SATAN HIMSELF AND CONTAINING THE SACRAMENTS OF HADES. WHEN I HEARD YOU HAD COME TO CHATELLE...

I MUST DISAPPOINT YOU MARQUIS... I HAVE ALSO SEARCHED A LIFETIME FOR THE MISSAL... IN VAIN! HAD I KNOWN YOUR REASONS...



NO MATTER... SOME
DRY WHO KNOWS...
YOU ARE STILL HERE
AS MY GUEST SO
SLEEP WELL MY
FRIEND... TOMORROW
I HAVE ORDERED A
BANQUET IN YOUR
HONOR.

I'M MOST FLATTERED
MARQUIS BOUSSAC...
PERHAPS ONE DAY I
MAY BE ABLE TO RE-
TURN YOUR FAVORS.

PERHAPS MONSIEUR
THATCHER... PERHAPS...



AND WHILE IT WAS SOMEWHAT BEFORE I
WOULD ALLOW THE VISION OF MY MIND TO
BE BLURRED BY SLUMBER... WHEN I FINALLY
FELL INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, I THOUGHT
I HEARD THE LOW MURMUR OF A WALL...



EVEN MY VERY DREAMS THAT FIRST EVENING
SEEMED PLAGUED WITH THE AGONY OF
MUTED SUFFERING... AND I TOSSED THE
REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT IN TORTURED
UNREST...



BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
I HAD ONLY THE FAINT FEELING OF
SOME FADING IMAGES...
SHROUDING MY MEMORY IN
THE MYSTERY OF A DREAM
I COULD NOT REMEMBER.

HMM... I SEEM TO RECALL
SLEEPING WELL... YET I FEEL
SO TIRED... STRANGE.



I TRUST YOU SLEPT
WELL MONSIEUR THATCHER...

I... YES... QUITE WELL...
BUT I THINK A RIDE TO THE
VILLAGE WILL DO ME GOOD...
WILL YOU JOIN ME?



I NEVER GO TO THE VILLAGE MR. THATCHER... THERE IS NO NEED TO REMEMBER TONIGHT... THE BANQUET!

I SHALL BE BACK LONG BEFORE THEN... AND WITH A HEARTY APPETITE TO BE SURE!



SOMEHOW THE TINY VILLAGE APPEARED TO HAVE CHANGED, AND A FEELING NOT UNLIKE ONE GETS IN A GRAVEYARD SLOWLY CREEPT THROUGH MY BONES...



ODD... I KNEW THAT MAN. HE OFFERED TO ROOM AND BOARD ME WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED. NOW SEE HOW HE AVOIDS ME...

AND I QUICKLY LEARNED THAT MY PRESENCE WAS NO MORE WANTED THAN IT WAS WELCOMED!



WHEN FINALLY I DID MANAGE TO SECURE SOME SCANT ARTICLES I NEEDED... AND ONLY THEN AFTER TOSSEING MY COINS TO THE KEEPER... AS I WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE IN A SURGE OF MOUNTING ANGER...

BE CAUTIOUS JULIAN THATCHER... WE CANNOT HELP YOU ANY LONGER...

WAIT... OLD WOMAN...



CRAZY... MAD OLD WOMAN... SHOUTING MY NAME AND MUTTERING NONSENSE... WHAT COULD SHE HAVE MEANT?



NO WONDER THE MARQUIS NEVER GOES TO THE VILLAGE HAWK... THE BANQUET WILL BE STARTING SOON...



THAT EVENING I SOON FORGOT THE PUZZLING OLD WOMAN ... AND MY RAGE... IN THE SHRILL PEEL OF LAUGHTER THAT RANG ACROSS THE HALL OF THE MARQUIS'S CHATEAU. DELECTABLES LAY PILED IN SUCCULENT HEAPS UPON THE TABLES... WHILE LACED WOMEN GLIDED WITH THE WAIST OF THEIR PERFUME ACROSS THE GUBAWING MARBLE FLOOR, I WAS ASTOUNDED!



EAT WELL MY FRIEND... OR WOULD YOU RATHER FILL YOUR MIND WITH VISIONS OF BLACK MAGIC... HAH HAH



ON AND ON THE MADNESS WHIRLED... AND WHEN THE LAST GUEST HAD SUCCEUNDED TO THE WILD SPELL OF THE CELEBRATION... I SUDDENLY NOTICED THAT MY HOST HAD QUIETLY SLIPPED AWAY...



I LEFT THE DWARF ACROBAT SPINNING HIMSELF OVER AND OVER... TO FOLLOW THE LONG CORRIDORS, WRAPPED IN THE SILENCE OF THE STIRRING DAWN...



I WONDER WHERE THE MARQUIS MIGHT BE OFF TO...

...UNTIL I CHANCED TO FIND THE MARQUIS IN HIS LIBRARY... DEEP IN THE PAGES OF SOME PONDEROUS BOOK...



THERE YOU ARE MARQUIS BOUSSAC... HAVE YOU HAD YOUR FILL OF WINE... AND FOOD...

COME IN MR THATCHER... COME IN...

BOUSSAC... THE MISSAL... THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN... HOW???



YES JULIAN...
THE **TRUE**
BLACK MASS
WRITTEN BY
SATAN HIMSELF
TO INVOKE HIS
POWER FOR ALL
ETERNITY!

BUT YOU SAID
YOUR ANCESTORS
BUILT YOUR LIBRARY...
HOW THEN THIS...

OH THEY DID JULIAN...PAGE BY
PAGE...THEY FASHIONED
MY LIBRARY OF EVIL
AS SURELY AS
YOU DID...

...AND THEM...

THEY HELPED...
WITH THEIR CRIMES...
THEIR CORRUPT DE-
SIRS...THEY TOO
SOUGHT EVIL
JULIAN...

BUT...MINE
WAS BUT A
TASK...A NEED
TO FIND AN
ANSWER FOR MY
BOOK...



AND YOU PERFORMED
IT WELL JULIAN THASCHER...
FOR YOU HAVE FILLED ALSO
THE PAGES OF YOUR SOUL...

THEN THIS...
THIS IS...

OF COURSE...MY
FOOLISH FRIEND...DID
YOU SUSPECT THAT
YOU COULD SPEND
YOUR WHOLE LIFE
SEEKING THE DEVIL...

AT ONCE MY BRAIN FELT MOLTEN...
THE PIERCE SHRIEK OF WHITE-HOT
AGONY POKING THE VISION FROM
MY SIGHTLESS EYES! I COULD ONLY
COUGH ONE LAST WHISPER FROM
THE SULPHUR CHOKED PRISON OF
MY THROAT...AND THEN...



...AND NOT
FIND HIM!!

BOY WAS JULIAN
BURNT UP ABOUT THAT.
HERE HE FIGURED HE WAS
HOT ON THE TRAIL OF
SOME DEVILISH DIS-
COVERY...AND POOF...
OLD BEELZEBUS
BUSTED HIM GOOD...
OUCH...





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There goes the GORE GONG . . . peng. While your BANN REFEREE is getting swings started . . . you grab a ringside seat for our next RETCH ROUND of rip-roaring renditions!

Rattling Robbie Edwards, CREEPY CLUBBER #2744, from Nuncle, Indiana seems to have found an astounding solution to the starting question . . .

WHO ARE WE?

Norman Brady, the famous research scientist, had just received his new electron microscope which he had ordered according to his personal specifications. He was very excited about using it since the unit was stronger than anything previously available. He placed a speck of ordinary garden dirt upon the slide and turned on the microscope to medium magnification. As he was examining the structure of the dirt particle, he suddenly thought he saw something move. Slowly, he increased the power of the sensitive

scope and the realization came to him that he was witnessing a rather amazing sight. As the microscope came into maximum focus, it revealed what appeared to be a tiny city within the speck. Excitedly Brady focused and refocused bringing his vision upon what seemed to be a large building. At the furthest scope of the magnification, he could just barely see small figures walking in and out. They appeared to be humanoid. Stunned, he sat back and tried to comprehend what this startling discovery meant. A tiny world of obviously intelligent beings who could erect complicated buildings! As he sat there in that state of first discovery, suddenly Norman felt someone's eyes watching him, but from behind. He glanced up from the microscope quickly but could find no one in the room with him. As he returned to the unit once



Blazing BRIAN CLIFTON of Fort Lauderdale, Florida sends us a sportin' Spartan who's mighty sensus about something. Lookie like this wild warrior is really on the wrath path . . .

again, he couldn't help feeling someone was looking over his shoulder and when he had turned to see who, no one was there. You ever had that feeling?

END

Now that your crusty Cousin EERIE and I have cooked up our "CAULDRON CONTEST" for all you conifers who'd care to contribute a concoction . . . I thought I'd give tub turning the gas and pass him up with these shattering suggestions for your souvenir. Since you'd probably rather read your rot in MY mutilating mess anyhow . . . why wait for old gurgie gut to give out with the news. Hopefully, their helpful will help you harness our hammed jury of jarring judges . . . enough maybe to win the WARREN windfall of wacky wampum. So, good luck with your much . . . NOGI

Once you've imagined an idea mad enough to madden our sanity, you might want to copy it down first as a short story. This will help you to picture the sequence of your biting writing, and simplify the problem of breaking it down into suitable script form. Most of the mired mangling manu-

scripts that are used in CREEPY and EERIE . . . YECCHHHH . . . are short stories that end with a twist. You might like to try this technique of telling a story although you may use any method you wish. If you decide to try a surprise story, remember that the explosive impact of a shock ending can turn out to be just a puff of smoke if you fire it from a bad plot. Putting a tremendous climax into the middle of a shaky plot is like shooting a lion into the arms of a midgelet. You can't expect him to carry that monster without collapsing somewhere along the way. Make sure you keep your plot as well as your finish . . . interesting!

Now you ought to determine the number of nymbing pages and petrifying panels your score fare will fit. Usually, six to eight pages, and three to six panels per page is a pretty good, long score to make. Too long a story may seem overdone, while too many panels can crowd what the artist is trying to say. With this in mind, start conjuring up your devilish draft. A script is most often divided into two parts, the first called the "action" which

describes what each panel will LOOK like and the "text" which explains what panels will SAY. While no standard rule has been set for the construction of this division, a popular method is to first write in the action on the left side of the page, then put in the text on the right side. Or you can describe the action across the entire page and then fill in the text underneath. Our own emaciated editor prefers this method since he feels it is the most comfortable way for him to tell the story, whichever way you decide to do your script, choose the most comfortable for your own style. When describing the action for the artist, don't be afraid to create a mood since your visual direction will serve as a guide later on. Try not to leave out any frightening facts our pen man should know about, remember that a tasty terror treat is only as good as the buy who cooks it all up.

When you've completed your screen theme, check it over a few times by reading it aloud. This can aid in tightening up the smoothness of the plot. And don't forget ghouls . . . the light from my fright lamp is terribly dim so keep your fear feet near! That's about it for your wit but fear folks . . . what more can your old Unc except I hope your soreach peace caps top prize! The fang gang here at peng parlor hope these little horror hints make it your inspiration we link into CREEPY . . . oops almost forgot . . . or EERIE. So sit tight then keep those tales waggin' into our doom den . . . cause we can't wait to bark out the names of our winners!

Hey Gang! Want to join the Creepy Fan Club and get your membership card, big full-color club pin, and full-color portrait of little Creepy? Just send \$1.00 to:

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Now, **MERRY MONSTERS**, let's look back some thirty years and find out the **GHOULISH GOSSIP** on Roland Bryce... It's a startling story of the **SILVER SCREAM** which I call...

TYPE-CAST!



NOW... AT LAST, VENGEANCE SHALL BE MINE!

CUT! SORRY, ROLAND, BUT CAN'T YOU GET MORE SPIRIT INTO IT?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! NO REAL ACTOR HAS ANY BUSINESS GETTING INVOLVED WITH SUCH NONSENSE! I DIDN'T GIVE UP A STAGE CAREER TO PLAY HORGEBLIN!

ROLAND, SWEETHEART, USE YOUR HEAD! I SWEATED BLOOD TO GET YOU THIS BREAK! THERE'S A DEPRESSION ON... ACTING JOBS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, BABY!

AND AS LONG AS YOU GET YOUR AGENT'S COMMISSION, YOU COULD CARE LESS WHAT THEY ARE... RIGHT, MANNY?



ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THE STUDIO FIGURES TO MAKE MONEY ON THIS HORROR STUFF, ROLAND... YOU MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND THEY'LL COME SWARMING LIKE FLIES WITH OFFERS! IT'S A DIRTBOARD KID... RIGHT INTO THE CLASSY PARTS!

WHAT'S THE USE? THE MATERIAL'S ROTTEN... THERE'S NOTHING TO WORK WITH... BUILD A PERFORMANCE ON...

HOW 'BOUT THE BACK-GROUND STUFF... ATMOSPHERE... LIKE YOU USED TO DO IN NEW YORK? IF YOU PLAYED A LONGSHOREMAN, YOU'D HANG AROUND THE DOCKS... THAT KINDA THING?

WANNY... YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE SOME-THING!

IT WAS BIZARRE, EXCITING... JUST THE SORT OF SPARK HIS IMAGINATION NEEDED TO PUSH IT ABOVE THE FILM'S TEDIUM! AND ROLAND BRICE WASTED NO TIME GIVING IT A TRY...

IT'S FANTASTIC! THE GRAVESTONES, THE WIND, THE CRACKING TREES, IT OPENS A WHOLE DIMENSION... GIVES THE FRIGHT I'M SUPPOSED TO PORTRAY VALIDITY!

HEY! WHO'S OUT THERE! WHO'S RUNNING AROUND?

THE SUDDEN CRY SENT HIM SCRAMBLING FOR COVER, HEART POUNDING WITH A HEADY MIXTURE OF FEAR AND EXHILARATION...

COULD RUIN MY CAREER IF I'M CAUGHT CARETAKERS A THREAT TO ME, JUST LIKE HE IS TO THE HUNCHBACK IN THE MOVIE. I FEEL ALMOST LIKE REACTING IN THE SAME VIOLENT WAY...

...NOW!

Wack!

THAT'S A TAKE!
BEAUTIFUL, ROLAND...
THAT WRAPS UP THE FILM!



YOU PULLED IT OUT OF THE FIRE, KIDDO!
THE FRONT OFFICE LOVES THE RUSHES...
THEY'RE ALREADY HANDING OUT A NEW
SCRIPT TO YOU... NOT EVEN WAITING
FOR THE PREVIEWS!

GREAT, HANNY!
WHAT SORT OF
STORY WILL IT
BE THIS TIME?



WELL... (HEH, HEH)... YOU
DID SUCH A **GREAT** JOB IN
THIS ONE, THEY **INSISTED**
ON YOU MAKING ANOTHER
HORROR FILM!

THAT WASN'T
THE DEAL, HANNY!
YOU DIDN'T ACCEPT
THE SCRIPT, DID
YOU... **DID YOU?**

LOOK, KID,
YOU'RE
NEW OUT
HERE... WE
CAN'T BUCK
THE STUDIOS!
BUT IF THIS
SECOND FILM
CLICKS LIKE THE
FIRST, YOU'LL
HAVE A REPUTATION,
BE ESTABLISHED...
THEN, WE CAN
DEAL WITH
THEM!



....JUNK! WORSE
DRIVE! THAN THE FIRST
ONE! MAD DOCTOR, RUNNING
AROUND, STEALING CORPSES,
MUTILATING THEM... WHAT
CAN I DO WITH A PART LIKE
THAT? WHAT COULD I EVER
DO TO MAKE MYSELF RELATE
TO IT?



IN DISGUST, ROLAND
RUSHED OUT INTO THE
NIGHT... STALKING THE
DARK STREETS, REPEATING
THE QUESTIONS OVER
AND OVER AGAIN, UNTIL...





BRILLIANT!
YOUR CLIENT GOES
THROUGH THIS BIT
LIKE HE WAS BORN
TO IT, MANNY!

ROLAND'S A
GOOD BOY...
DOES ALL RIGHT
BY THIS WEIRD
STUFF!

STUFF'S NOT MUCH WEIRDER
THAN LIFE! YOU SEE THIS MORNING'S
PAPER, MANNY? SOMEONE STOLE A
CORPSE OUT OF A FUNERAL PARLOR
LAST NIGHT... THEY FINALLY FOUND
IT HACKED UP AND MUTILATED!

WWW...
WHOEVER DID IT
MUSTA PEEKED AT
YOUR SCRIPT!

I WON'T EVEN LOOK
AT IT, MANNY! DON'T
YOU UNDERSTAND? NO
MORE HORROR SCRIPTS?
I'M SICK OF THEM... SACK!

SWEETHEART, DON'T GO
PRIMA DONNA ON ME NOW!
WE GOTTA KEEP YOUR
FACE IN FRONT OF THE
PUBLIC UNTIL THE QUAL-
ITY STUFF STARTS ROLLING
IN OTHERWISE...



OKAY, MANNY.
OKAY... WHAT'S
THIS MASTERPIECE
ABOUT?

REAL OUTSY STUFF... YOU CAN
DO A LOT WITH IT... YOU PLAY
A DEVIL WORSHIPER, LOTTA
BLOOD SACRIFICES TO DEMONS...
GIVES YOU A LOT TO
WORK WITH!

WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT TO A
POOR MUTT? LIKE IT WAS Laid
OUT FOR SACRIFICE...

PROBABLY SOME
KIND OF FANATIC
...CALIFORNIA'S
GOT MORE 'N ITS
SHARE OF SCREWY
CLUTS AND
RELIGIONS!



MANNY, YOU GOT TO GET ME OFF THE HOOK WITH THESE HORROR FILMS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO ME... WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO MAKE ONE!

YOU GOT A BIG PUBLIC, KID... A FAT CONTRACT... IT'S KEEPING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH YOU'VE BECOME ACCUSTOMED... DON'T KNOCK IT!

PLEASE, MANNY... IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH...

YOU'RE GOING THROUGH TWO QUARTS A DAY! TAKE THE PLEDGE... AND LEAVE EVERYTHING ELSE TO UNCLE MANNY!

FILM AFTER FILM CAME AND WENT, EACH MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE LAST, EACH MORE DEMANDING IN THE DEPTHS THEY OROVE. HIS OBSESSION IN PREPARING FOR THE ROLE...



WE CAME BUSTIN' IN LAST NIGHT, BECOM' US TO LOOK HIM UP! STARTED CONFESSIN' TO EVERY LOOPY CRIME ON THE BOOKS... WELL, YOU SETTLED WITH THE BAILIFF, YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!

GET ME SOME OTHER KIND OF PICTURE, MANNY... YOU'VE GOT TO! I CAN'T DO ANY MORE OF THOSE HORROR JOBS, I CAN'T... YOU KNOW I CAN'T...

EASY NOW KID EASY... YOU'RE RUN DOWN... EXHAUSTED... I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING OKAY? JUST RELAX... RELAX!



ROLAND! EVERYONE'S WAITING ON THE SET... YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN YOUR MAKE-UP ON...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SCRIPT, MANNY? DID YOU EVEN LOOK AT THE SCRIPT? THE BIG CHANGE-OF-PACE SCRIPT?

OH, YEAH... TOO BAD KID! THIS IS THE LAST PICTURE ON YOUR CONTRACT... HORROR'S LOSING MONEY, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN, MAYBE YOU CAN GET A DIFFERENT TYPE SCRIPT THEN...

BUT AREN'T YOU INTERESTED IN FANS ONE, MANNY? ALL ABOUT AN INSANE SWANKER, DOESN'T THAT INTEREST YOU? DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME PREPARE?

THANK YOU, MANNY,
THANK YOU!

SO GLAD YOU'RE ABLE TO HELP! NOW YOU KNOW, MANNY... WHAT IT TAKES TO PLAY A ROLE LIKE THIS... YOU HAVE TO GET INTO THE CHARACTER... SUBMERGE YOURSELF INTO HIS EMOTIONS... HIS ACTS... HIS WORLD... NOW YOU KNOW, MANNY!

MR. BOYZ, EVERYONE'S STILL WAITIN' AREN'T YOU READY YE--- HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

JUST A LITTLE REHEARSAL...
HEE HEE HEE
JUST A LITTLE RUN THROUGH...
HEH, HEH, TO PREPARE...

THIS GENTLEMAN WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO HELP ME... TO HELP ME REHEARSE
...HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HAAAAAAAAA... GOOD ENOUGH TO... HELP ME...

HEY, SOMEBODY!
GET A COP... FR GOSH
SAKE, GET A COP!

EPILOGUE: *The director peered in dismay at the sheath of papers in his hand, then glared at the doctor standing in front of his desk...*

BUT THIS IS MONSTROUS! HOW COULD RELEASE-APPROVAL DATA FOR ONE MAN WIND UP IN ANOTHER'S FILE?

THE NAME SIMILARITY, SIR... BRUCE SHOULD HAVE BEEN RELEASED INSTEAD OF BRYCE!



OUT PATIENT CLINIC? WHAT KIND OF EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION DO YOU HAVE ON BRUCE, ROLAND S.?

OF COURSE BRYCE WAS RARELY VIOLENT WHILE HERE... ONCE REMOVED FROM ACTING, HE ACTUALLY SEEMED A DECENT SORT.



308 WITH A... **MOVIE COMPANY?**

YOU'D BETTER CONNECT ME WITH THEM IMMEDIATELY...

THE DIRECTOR HELD HIS BREATH AS THE CONNECTION WENT THROUGH AND HE BEGAN HIS GUARDED INQUIRIES, THEN RELAXED AS CHEERFUL REPLIES SWIFT ALONG THE LINE TO HIM...

... HE'S TAKEN A MAJOR PART IN ONE OF YOUR PRODUCTIONS... GIVING AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE... IF NO PROBLEM... WE WERE JUST CHECKING...

RESPONSIBILITY AND TRUST PROBABLY DID HIM A WORLD OF GOOD... WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE PICTURE?



IN THE SAME INSTANT AS THE TITLE WAS REPEATED OFF THE DIRECTOR'S TONGUE, BOTH MEN'S EYES RIVETED IN HORROR TO THE NEWSPAPER ON THE DESK BEFORE THEM.

...**THE STORY OF JACK THE RIPPER?!!!!**

KNIFE WIELDING MANIAC STRIKES AGAIN

GOOD TO SEE OL' ROLAND IS ABLE TO START CARRYING OUT A NAME FOR HIMSELF AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... BUT, THEN WHAT ELSE COULD YOU EXPECT FROM SUCH A DEAD-ICATED PERFORMER!



HERE'S AN **ECY SERVICEMAN**...CHILLING ENOUGH TO CHIP THE ENAMEL OFF YOUR CHATTERING CUSPIDS! BUNDLE UP, ALL YOU BEMULDERED BARBARIANS...AND I'LL SEND A STINGING SHIVER UP YOUR SHAKING SPINE WHILE WE SEARCH FOR...

A SIVER DREAD AMONG^{THE} GOLD

EXHAUSTED BY THEIR TREACHEROUS CLIMB... THE THREE MOUNTAINKINNERS COLLAPSE INTO THE SOFT BLANKET OF POWDERED SNOW...



WE'VE BEEN CLIMBING FOR HOURS, ERIC... HOW MUCH LONGER...?

(GASP)...HERE IS THE LEDGE GUSTAV... IF THE MAP IS TRUE... IT'S NOT MUCH FURTHER.



WE MUST TRY AND BUILD A FIRE... THERE'S A SMALL CREVICE OVER THERE... IT WILL GIVE US SOME SHELTER...

GUNTHER... YOU HAVE THE EQUIPMENT SAFELY PUT AWAY...

YA... BUT WHY HAVE WE COME HERE NOW... IN BETTER WEATHER THE CLIMB WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER...

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...THERE ROAMED THESE VERY LANDS...A GREAT VIKING PRINCE... A RUTHLESS LEADER OF MEN...WHO HAD CONQUERED MANY NATIONS...



SOMEWHERE AMONG THOSE ROCKS...HIDDEN IN AN ANCIENT TOMB...THERE LIES THE BODY OF...



..BJORN! PRINCE OF THE VIKINGS...!



DIE SCUM OF THIS EARTH...LET YOUR BLOOD QUENCH THE DIRT YOU GROVEL IN...

THUS DID THIS CHAMPION DELIVER ALL WHO CHALLENGED HIM...INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH! AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS... ON THE CRIMSON BATTLE-FIELD OF A MURDEROUS SEIGE...

SVEN...LEGENDED TO BE IMMORTAL...AND BORN...RULER OF ALL VIKINGS...STOOD AT LAST FACING EACH OTHER...PREPARED FOR THE FIRST REFLEX OF BATTLE...

MIGHTY PRINCE... A LONG WARRIOR APPROACHES...SHALL WE CUT HIM DOWN?



NO! NOW COMES THEIR FINEST GLADIATOR TO DO ME COMBAT... PREPARE TO STAND THE ARMY AGEE...



THEN...



WITH EACH CLANG OF THEIR NOSTILY BROADSWORDS
SWINGING THROUGH THE STINKING AIR LIKE BLOODY
SCYTHES... IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT BJORN
WAS THE MASTER...

SCRAWNER OF THE KING-
DOM YOU CURSE IN
DOUBT... NOW TASTE A
VIKING'S MEAT!

BY ODN... WHAT
MANNER OF MAGIC IS
THIS... YOUR LIFE SPILLS
LIKE WASTED WINE
... YET YOU LIVE...

FOOL!...
BUTTER HAD
YOU CHALLENGED
THE DEVIL...

WITH THROAT BURNING... THE BREATH FROM HIS
BODY CHOKING HIM... BJORN SWIFTLY DREW
HIS DAGGER AND SEVERED THE CLUTCHING
HAND

DEMON!! YOU FIGHT
WITH BLACK TRICKERY...
YOU HAVE CURSED YOUR
SOUL!

VIKING FIG... THE GODS HAVE
DELIVERED YOUR FATE INTO MY
HAND... DOOM IS THE DESTINY OF
YOUR FOOLISHNESS...

NOT BE-
FORE THIS EDGE CUTS
THE SOUL FROM YOUR
SHOULDERS... UHHH!

BY THE WRATH OF VAHALLA...
THIS IS MADNESS... CAN
NOTHING DESTROY YOU!!

WITH THE FURY OF A WILD ANIMAL... RAGE SEATHING IN HIS BURNING BRAIN
... BJORN FELL BLOW UPON BLOW AT THE HORROR BEFORE HIM. FINALLY IN
EXHAUSTION... NOTHING REMAINED BUT THE MUDDY GROUND... SOAKED IN
CRIMSON RED DEATH!

OOOOOOOHHHH!! YOU
HAVE GIVEN ME THE VICTORY... AND
A WARNING TO ALL WHO DARE
CHALLENGE... BJORN...
PRINCE OF THE
VIKINGS!

WE PAY YOU HOMAGE, GREAT
VIKING...AND BEG MERCY / YOU
HAVE DEFEATED SVEN THE
IMMORTAL...

WHAT MADNESS DO YOU
SPEAK OLD MAN... HIS
IMMORTALITY WAS THE
DEVIL'S HANDWORK...

NOT SO WARRIOR PRINCE... FOR
SVEN HAD SEEN THE WIZARD...
SCARON... THERE IN THE CURSED
NORTHLAND... HE WAS MADE
IMMORTAL...

A WIZARD...
THEN HE WILL
MAKE ME
IMMORTAL ALSO
...YOU WILL BRING
THIS MAGICIAN TO
ME... NOW!

I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS DEVIL'S DISCIPLE... ONLY
THAT SVEN FOUND HIM IN THE DEAD LANDS...
OUT THERE...

HA... YOU ARE AFRAID OLD MAN...
BUT NOT I... I WILL FIND THIS SORCERER
...AND THEN BJORN WILL BE TRULY THE
GREATEST VIKING ALIVE...

...AND I SHALL
LIVE... FOREVER!

AND THEY SAY THAT BJORN
DISAPPEARED INTO THE NAKED
WAGELANDS OF THE FOR-
GOTTEN NORTH... WHEN HE
DID NOT RETURN... HIS MEN
MOURNED HIM FOR DEAD...

THEN MANY MONTHS LATER...

NO... SOMEONE POUNDS AT OUR PORTAL SLAVE... SEE TO IT LEAST HE FREEZE IN A COLD GRAVE!

I GO MASTER...

BJORN HAD RETURNED BUT THE JOURNEY HAD MADDENED HIS MIND... WRAPPED IN A GOLDEN SHROUD... TO RESTRAIN HIS WILD MEMORIES... THE WARRIORS LISTENED TO THE OBSCENE HORRORS WHICH SCARON THE WIZARD HAD SUMMONED... DURING THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN THEM...

BY THE GODS... HE IS CURSED WITH A SICKNESS... HEAR HOW HE RAVES...

IT WAS THE EVIL OF SCARON... NOW PRINCE BJORN MUST BE BOUND TO HIS OWN BED...

THROUGH THE NEXT MONTHS... ALTHOUGH THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY WAS NOW HIS... BJORN HAD LOST HIMSELF TO A HORSE FATE... ETERNAL DAMNATION!

ALMOST ONE YEAR NOW... HE DOES NOT GET BETTER... EVERY MONTH IT IS WORSE... BETTER HE WERE DEAD...

...THEN HE WOULD FIND HIS PEACE... IN VALHALLA...

THE ELDERS HAVE DECIDED TO END THIS TORMENT HE ENDURES... TONIGHT WHEN HE FEASTED... A RITON WAS PUT INTO HIS WINE...

BUT HE IS IMMORTAL... IT WILL NOT HARM HIM...

IT IS NOT MEANT TO... BUT NOW HE WILL SLEEP... KEEPING PEACEFUL VIGIL OVER HIS DOMAIN... WRAPPED IN THE GOLDEN SHROUD... HIS SPIRIT WILL LIVE...

...IN ETERNAL GLORY OUR PRINCE WILL PROTECT US... EVEN IN THE SLUMBER OF HIS SICKNESS...

SUDDENLY THE HUGE DOOR FLUNG OPEN... AND THERE IN THE HOWLING SLASH OF THE STORM... HIS FACE FROZEN BENEATH AN ICY MASK... STOOD...

BJORN... IT IS THE GHOST RETURNED... AEEH!!!

FOOL... HE IS ALIVE... QUICKLY... GET HIM INSIDE...

...THAT WAS OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO...AND MY ANCESTORS MARKED THIS SPOT AS BJORN'S TOMB...I HAVE ONLY TO PRESS THIS SMALL STONE...

LOOK, THE MOUNTAIN IS OPENING... IT'S SOME SORT OF SECRET DOOR...



GUSTAV... GUNTHER... LOOK... ANOTHER SHROUD... SILVER... PURE SILVER...

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY WARRIOR... TO HAVE WRAPPED HIM IN SUCH FORTUNE...GOLD AND SILVER SHROUDS...



IN HIS SICKNESS...THE VIKING MUST HAVE SOUGHT GREAT TREASURES...WHY ELSE ALL THIS TROUBLE...

DIDN'T THE LEGEND SAY HE WAS WRAPPED IN THE SHROUD TO KEEP HIM FROM HIS OWN MADNESS...



ERIC...THERE ON THE SHIELD...IT MUST BE BJORN...SEE HOW THE GOLD SHROUD BINDS HIM...



COME...WE HAVE FOUND THE TREASURE OF THE VIKING PRINCE...WE HAVE FOUND THE GOLDEN SHROUD!

GOOD LORD... HIS FACE... HE SEEMS TO BE ALIVE!

DON'T BE FOOLISH GUNTHER... IT IS ONLY A LEGEND... FROZEN LIKE THIS...THE COLD HAS PRESERVED HIM...



WHAT MADNESS COULD HE HAVE SUFFERED...TO CAUSE HIM TO BE WRAPPED IN GOLD AND...SILVER...UNLESS...



BRRRRR... THERE'S A TREMBLING TRIO OLP BJORN'S GOING TO STOP COLD...OUGHT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON...WAKING A GUY IN THE MIDDLE OF A FRIGHT...NEE... RICH ONE ON THEM...

FROM BEHIND THE THREE MEN CAME AN IMMORTAL GROWN...ERIC HAD FOUND HIS TREASURE...AND LEARNED THE SECRET OF BJORN'S IMMORTALITY...AND BJORN WAS FREE AGAIN... PRINCE OF THE VIKINGS...!!



End

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WE HERE AT WARREN ARE JUST "BUBBLING" OVER ABOUT... UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE'S CAULDRON CONTEST

ORDER...ORDER IN THE COURT! THIS OFFICIAL CONTEST IS NOW IN SESSION! AWAITING TRIAL WILL BE ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SENT IN BY OUR CAPTIVE CONTESTANTS...SO IF THE DIABOLICAL DEFENDANTS WILL PLEASE RISE...FROM THEIR COFFINS...YOUR JUDICIOUS JESTER OF JUVENILE JUSTICE, **COUSIN EERIE**...WILL ENTER AS EVIDENCE ALL THE PICTO FACTS NECESSARY TO REACH A VILE VERDICT. OF COURSE THE USUAL JOLTING JURY OF OGREES AND DEMONS HAS BEEN SELECTED TO DELIVER THE FINAL DECISION...SO...YOUR HONOR IF YOU PLEASE...

HARUMPH! YES...WELL...UNBELIEVABLE AS THIS MAY "SCREAM"...BEING THE DUTIFUL DUO WE ARE...YOUR BONY BUDDY AND I DECIDED TO ANNOUNCE A STIFF PENALTY FOR YOU INSANE INMATES WHO'D LIKE TO DO A STRETCH IN OUR MAGS. THE ONLY CRIME YOU'LL HAVE TO COMMIT IS TO CREATE AN ORIGINAL STORY FOR OUR CHURNING CAULDRON YOUR WRETCHED STORY WILL THEN BE INHUMANLY JUDGED...AND IF YOU'RE FOUND **GUILTY** WE'LL SENTENCE YOU TO BE **PENNED** UP IN OUR HALTRY PRISON FOR A MONTH OF COURSE WE'RE SO MORTUOUS WE WON'T EVEN PROVIDE ANY **BREAD** OR WATER FOR **HARDY** OFF YOUR HUNGER PAINS...BUT MAYBE A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO **CREEPY** AND **EERIE** WILL FATTEN UP YOUR FARMISHED FRAMES A BIT. SO LET'S GO **CHAW** GANG...UNLOCK THAT TERROR TALENT

HIDING IN
YOUR
CRANIAL
DUNGEONS
AND ENTER
OUR...**CAULDRON
STORY
CONTEST**

OFFICIAL RULES for our READERS' STORY CONTEST

1. All scripts must be typed neatly and should be 6, 7, or 8 pages long when actually drawn by our artists (this means that stories should be about 3 typewritten pages)
2. All stories must be original, no adaptations accepted
3. Subject matter must fall into one of the following categories:

MONSTERS
SCIENCE FICTION
FANTASY HORROR
PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR TALES

4. Contest closes at midnight, December 15, 1969. All entries must be postmarked before then. Winners in each category will

have their stories drawn and published...and will receive the original artwork plus a 1-year subscription to both **CREEPY** and **EERIE**.

5. All entries become the permanent property of Warren Publishing Company, and no stories will be returned. Winners will be announced in future issues.

6. Authors may enter—excepting employees of Warren Publishing Company, its affiliates or their families. Contest is not sent to Federal, State and local regulators.

7. Send your original stories to:
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Warren Publishing Company
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